THE

HISTORY

OF THE

Siege of *Damascus*,

By the SARACENS, in the Year 633.

As it is related by *Abu Abdo'llah Mohammed Ebn Omar Alwâkidi*, the *Arabian* Historian.

VERY USEFUL

For the Readers and Spectators of the

TRAGEDY

OF THE

Siege of *DAMASCUS*.

Written by Mr. JOHN HUGHES.

LONDON:

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE HISTORY OF THE Siege of *Damascus*.

THE incredible Progress of the *Saracens* Arms under *Abubeker*, the immediate Successor of the Grand Impostor *Mahomet*, is an illustrious Instance how swiftly the greatest Empires spread themselves from obscure, contemptible Beginnings, like a furious Conflagration from a little Spark. It was but in the Second Year of this *Caliph*, which was the Six Hundred Thirty Third Year of our Christian *Æra*, that his Hungry *Arabians*, like wild Beasts starv'd in their barren Deserts, broke out into the

pleaſant and fertile Country of *Syria*, and Ravaged and Subdued it ſo far, as preſently to lay Siege to its wealthy Metropolis *Damaſcus*, at that Time inhabited by *Greeks*, under the Obedience of the Chriſtian Emperor *Heraclius* of *Conſtantinople*. The Generals deputed by the *Caliph* to conduct this Expedition, were *Abu Obeidah*, an expert and fortunate Officer, and *Caled Ev'n Waled*, a Man of ſuch invincible Courage and Fierceneſs in Battels, that the *Arabians* Surnam'd him *the Sword of God*. He diſtinguiſh'd himſelf both for his Humanity to his own Soldiers, and his implacable Animoſity and Zeal againſt the Enemies of the *Mahometan* Religion. He was the *Saracens* laſt Reſort in all hazardous, and even deſperate Attempts, and in the greateſt Danger never loſt his Preſence of Mind; but could as well extricate himſelf and his Men from preſent Difficulties, as foreſee and avoid them at a Diſtance. Under theſe Leaders, the *Saracens* had an Army in *Syria* of about Thirty Eight Thouſand Men.

The Emperor *Heraclius*, who was now at *Antioch*, being inform'd of the Motion and Deſign of the *Saracen* Army, and knowing of what Importance it was to preſerve *Damaſcus* out of their Hands, immediately ſent *Calous*, one of his Generals, with a ſtrong Party of Five Thouſand Men, to poſſeſs themſelves of it, before the *Saracens* inveſted it. *Calous* came firſt to *Hems*, about Five Days March from *Damaſcus*; it was formerly call'd *Emeſſa*, the Metropolis of a large Territory of the ſame Name; a Place of excellent Air, abounding with beautiful Gardens, and fruitful Orchards, well Water'd by the River *Aliſh*, a Branch of the Famous *Oronter*, which paſſes by *Hems*, at about half a Mile's Diſtance from the City. This Place he found very well provided with Soldiers, Arms, and Ammunition. For the Approach of the *Saracens* had fill'd all Places with Terror and Concern, to be prepared for their Defence. After a Day's Refreſhment at *Hems*, *Calous* paſs'd on to *Baalbec*, the Ancient *Heliopolis*. As he drew near that City, he was met by a mix'd Multitude of Men and Women, weeping, and tearing their Hair, and making doleful Lamentations. Upon *Calous* his aſking the Meaning of all this, they told him how the *Arabians* had over-run all the Coun-

try,

try, and taken *Aracab*, *Sachnah*, *Tadmor*, *Hamath*, and *Bostra*, and were about to besiege *Damascus*. He ask'd them the General's Name, and Number of Men. They answer'd, his Name was *Caled*, and that he had Fifteen Hundred Horse. (Which indeed was the whole of his own Party; but *Abu-Obeidah* join'd him with Thirty Seven Thousand Horse and Foot.) *Calous* bid them never fear such an inconsiderable Enemy; and promis'd them with an Oath, that when he came back again, he would bring them *Caled*'s Head upon the Point of his Spear.

As soon as he came to *Damascus*, he produced his Commission, and demanded the whole Government of the City to be put into his Hands. The *Damascenes* were well satisfied with their old Governor *Israil*, and positively refused to part with him. So that this occasion'd an unhappy Division among them, at a Time when there was the greatest Need of Unanimity. For now the *Saracen* Army began to appear, and to straiten the City. The Christians went out to meet them, and both Armies were drawn up in Order of Battel.

When both Sides were ready to engage, *Caled* call'd out to *Derar Eb'ol Azwar*, and said, *Now*, Derar, *acquit your self like a brave Man, and remember your Father, and Countrymen, who have asserted the Cause of God with their Arms. Advance in the Defence of your Religion, and God will defend you.* *Derar* was well mounted, and immediately charged the *Grecian* Horse; where when he had kill'd Four Troopers, he wheel'd off, and fell upon the Foot, and kill'd Six of them, still pursuing, and repeating his Charge, till he had broken their Ranks, and put them into Disorder. In another Part of the Battel, *Abdarrahman*, the *Caliph*'s Son, fought with equal Fury. *Caled* himself insulted and reproached the Christians, and challeng'd any one of them to fight with him. Hereupon *Israil* told *Calous*, it was most proper for him to answer the Challenge, as being sent by the Emperor, on purpose to protect and fight for the Citizens. However, *Calous* would gladly have been excused, till being compell'd by the Importunity of the People, he prepar'd himself for the Combat. And because he intended to discourse with his Antagonist, he took an Interpreter along with

with him: Whom he endeavour'd to perſuade with large Promiſes, to ſtrike in and aſſiſt him, when the *Saracen* ſhould Encounter him. The Interpreter begging his Pardon, anſwer'd; *Sir, Talking is my Buſineſs, and as far as Words can help you, I am at your Service, but I don't care for Blows. Therefore pray expect to have all the Fighting to your ſelf, I can pretend to have no Share in it: For if I ſhould meddle, and be knock'd o'th' Head for my Pains, pray what Good will your fine Promiſes do me?*

This ſaid, they mov'd forward; and when they came to *Caled*, the Interpreter open'd the Buſineſs to him in the way of the old Mythology. *Sir*, ſays he, *pray allow me a few Words, which concern you, and your Countrymen. A certain Man had a fair Flock of Sheep, which by the Negligence of a lazy Shepherd, was much expoſed to Wild Beaſts. The Owner of the Flock perceiving this, rid his Hands of the Careleſs Keeper, and ſupply'd his Place with a Man of Application and Courage, who ſoon made ſuch Work with the Wild Beaſts, that they annoy'd him no more, but his Sheep fed ſecurely. Have a care that this don't prove to be your Caſe. You* Arabians *were a poor contemptible People, and wander'd about with hungry Bellies, Naked and Barefoot, and liv'd upon Barley-bread, and what you cou'd ſqueeze out of Dates. Now ſince you are come into our Country, and fare better, you begin to Rebel, and have made your Advantage of ſome negligent Officers. But now the Emperor has taken Care to oppoſe you with a Man, who is a ſtout and well try'd Soldier. Therefore it behoves you to conſider what you have to do. If you think fit to hearken to merciful Accommodations, I am here ready to treat with you; he brought me along with him for that Purpoſe.*

Caled, having heard him with Attention, reply'd, *Prithee don't trouble me with thy Stories. As for what you ſay of our Country, 'tis true enough: But you ſhall find that Times are well mended with us; and that inſtead of our Barley-bread, and Coarſe Fare, we ſhall be Maſters of all your good Things, as much as to your very Perſons, with your Wives and Children. And as for this ſame great Man you ſpeak of, what doſt threaten me with a great Man, who have taken* Tadmor, Hawran, *and* Boſtra?

Let

Let him be as great as he will; if he be the Support of your Kingdom, ſo am I of our Religion.

Calous was far from being pleas'd with the Mien and Port of his Antagoniſt, and bid his Interpreter propoſe to him to defer the Combat till the next Day; reſolving, if he had once made his Eſcape, never to have come ſo near him again. But the *Saracen*, not intending to part with him ſo, reply'd, he would not be fool'd, and immediately got between him and the Chriſtian Army, to prevent his running away; and began to lay about him with his Spear moſt unmercifully. While they were both Fighting, (as they did bravely for ſome Time) the Interpreter withdrew, and eſcaped to the Chriſtian Camp. At length *Calous* grew weary, and began to ſtand wholly upon the Defenſive; which the *Saracen* obſerving, came up cloſe; and laying hold on him, flung him from his Saddle to the Ground. The *Saracens* immediately ſhouted, *Allah Acbar*, (*i. e. God is moſt Mighty*,) which made their whole Camp Ecchо, and the Chriſtians tremble. *Caled*, having ſecured his Priſoner, took a freſh Horſe, and went into the Field again. He was but juſt gone, when *Romanus* (a Renegado Chriſtian, who had been Governor of *Boſtra*, and betray'd it to the *Saracens*,) call'd him back, and told him, *Calous* would ſpeak with him; who even in his Calamitous Circumſtances, had not laid aſide his Reſentment. When he came back, *Calous* (to convince him he had no ill Deſign upon him) gave him ſome Account of the Difference between himſelf and *Izrail*, the Governor of *Damaſcus*; and told him, that if he ſhould overcome him, it would be of great Moment, in order to the taking of the City: He adviſ'd him therefore to Challenge him out, and diſpatch him. *Caled* told him, he might be ſure he would not ſpare any Infidel or Idolater.

Calous being now a Priſoner, his Five Thouſand Men which he had brought to the Relief of *Damaſcus*, were very urgent with *Izrail* to go out and anſwer *Caled*'s Challenge. At firſt he declin'd it. But afterwards, when they threaten'd him with Death, if he perſiſted in his Refuſal, he told them he had demurr'd a while, not out of any Fear, but only to give *Calous* an Opportunity to try his Valour firſt. Then he arm'd himſelf, and with a

good

good Horſe rode up to the *Saracen*, who preſently demanded his Name. *My Name*, reply'd he, *is Izrail.* Which being the Name of that Angel, whom the *Mahometans* fancy to take Care of the departing Soul; *Caled* laugh'd, and ſaid, *Well, your Nameſake* Izrail, *is juſt ready at your Service, to convey your Soul to Hell. Izrail* aſk'd him what he had done with his Priſoner *Calous?* He told him he had bound him. *Why did you not kill him?* Said *Izrail. Becauſe*, ſaid the *Saracen*, *I intend to kill you both together.* Then the Combat began, and was manag'd on both Sides with great Dexterity and Vigor. *Izrail* behav'd himſelf ſo well, that *Caled* admired him. But at laſt the Victory inclin'd to the *Saracen. Izrail*, finding himſelf over-match'd, and having the better Horſe of the Two, turn'd, and rode away. *Caled* purſu'd him as faſt as he could, but could not overtake him. When *Izrail* perceiv'd that his Adverſary did not come up, imagining that he had enough of the Combat, he reſum'd his Courage, and faced about, in hopes to have taken him Priſoner. Whereupon *Caled* alighted, and ſtood to his Arms on Foot; and as *Izrail* ruſh'd upon him, he ſlaſh'd his Horſes Legs, and by that Means brought the Rider to the Ground, and took him Priſoner. Having now both the General and Governor of *Damaſcus* at his Mercy, he offer'd them Death, or *Mahometaniſm*; and upon their refuſing the latter, they were Beheaded, and their Heads thrown over the Wall into the Town.

After the *Damaſcenes* had try'd their Valour with the *Saracens* in ſeveral Field Engagements, wherein they loſt abundance of their Men, they reſolv'd to ſave the Remainder for the Defence of their Walls, and ſhut themſelves up for a cloſe Siege. The *Saracens* made their Approaches: *Caled* pitch'd his Tents againſt the *Eaſt* Gate, and *Abu Obeidah* ſet down before the Gate which they call'd *Aljabiyah.* However, all the Avenues were not ſo narrowly guarded, but that the Beſieged found Means to diſpatch a Meſſenger to *Heraclius* at *Antioch*, with a Letter, wherein they certify'd him of the Death of *Calous* and *Izrail*, and what other Diſadvantages they labour'd under, preſſing him to ſend them ſpeedy and effectual

effectual Succours. When the Emperor had read the Letter, he was extremely concern'd for them, and ſpeedily appointed *Werdan*, another of his Generals, to march with an Army of a Hundred Thouſand Men, to the Relief of *Damaſcus*. And accompanying him with ſeveral of his Court ſome part of the Way, he charged him to be particularly careful not to ſuffer any Reinforcements of the *Saracens* to join their Army at *Damaſcus*.

Caled and *Abu Obeidah*, alarm'd at the advance of the Emperor's Army, conſulted what was proper to be done in this Exigence. *Caled* was for raiſing the Siege, and going in a full Body againſt the *Grecians*. But *Abu Obeidah* could by no means approve of that, becauſe the *Damaſcans* were already reduced to great Streights, and their Riſing would give them an Opportunity of taking in Supplies and Refreſhments, whereby they would be enabled to prolong the Siege. With which Anſwer the other was very well ſatisfied.

But *Werdan*'s Army made ſuch ſlow Marches, that the Beſieged began to deſpair of Relief, and offer'd Terms to the *Saracen*, *viz.* a Thouſand Ounces of Gold, and Two Hundred Suits of Silk, to prevail with him to raiſe the Siege. But he abſolutely refuſed, unleſs they would either become Tributaries or *Mahometans*. About Six Weeks after this, the *Saracens* heard unuſual Shouts and Rejoycings in the City; the Meaning of which they underſtood not at firſt, but in a very ſhort Time their Scouts brought them Word, that the Emperor's Army was at Hand. *Caled* would willingly have gone to meet them, but *Abu Obeidah* would not part with him from the Siege. At laſt they agreed to chuſe out ſome very good Soldier, and ſend him with a Detachment to give the Chriſtian Army Diverſion.

The Man whom *Caled* pitch'd upon to have the Management of this Expedition, was *Derar Ebn'ol Azwar*, an excellent Soldier, and moſt mortal Enemy to the Chriſtians (as indeed all of them were, *Abu Obeidah* only excepted); who undertook this Poſt very chearfully, little regarding what Forces were aſſign'd him, or what Probability there was of Succeſs, ſo he was but employ'd in ſome glorious Action againſt the Chriſtians.

He immediately ſet forward, and ſoon came within Sight of the Emperor's vaſt Army. When the *Saracens* ſaw ſuch a Multitude, their Hearts fail'd them, and they were upon the Point of retiring. But *Derar* ſwore, *he would not go back a Step without Fighting.* And *Raphi Ebn Omeirah* told them, *it was a common Thing for the* Muſlemans *to rout a great Army with an Handful of Men.*

The Two Armies came up with each other; and notwithſtanding the Diſproportion of their Numbers, *Derar* advanc'd without the leaſt Sign of Fear or Concern. When they were engaged, he always fought moſt in that part of the Army where *Werdan* the General was. And firſt of all he kill'd his Right-hand Man, and then the Standard-bearer. The Standard was the Sign of the Croſs, richly adorn'd with precious Stones. As ſoon as *Derar* ſaw it fall, he order'd his Men to alight and take it up, while he defended them. Which he did ſo effectually, that none durſt come within his Reach. *Werdan*, the Chriſtian General, had a Son, who was his Father's Lieutenant in *Hems*, and march'd with Ten Thouſand Men, when he heard his Father was going againſt the *Saracens*; and happen'd to join him while the Armies were engaged. He obſerving *Derar*'s Activity, and what Execution he did amongſt the *Greeks*, watch'd his Opportunity, and wounded him in the Left Arm with a Javelin. *Derar* turn'd about, and ſtruck him with his Lance ſo violently, that it broke in the Fleſh. Being by this Means diſarm'd, the *Greeks* preſs'd upon him, and took him Priſoner. When the *Saracens* ſaw their Captain was loſt, they did what they could to recover him, but all in vain; which ſo diſcourag'd them, that they began to fly. *Ralphi Ebn Omeirah* perceiving this, call'd out to them with a loud Voice, *What! don't you know, that whoſoever turns his Back upon his Enemies, offends God and his Prophet? And that the Prophet ſaid, that the Gates of Paradiſe ſhould be open to none, but ſuch as fought for Religion? Come, follow me; I'll be your Leader. If your Captain be Dead, or taken Priſoner, yet your God is alive, and ſees what you do.* With theſe Words he reſtor'd the Battel.

In the mean Time News came to *Caled*, that *Derar* was taken Priſoner. Upon which he immediately ſent to *Abu Obeidah*, to know what was beſt to be done. *Abu Obeidah* return'd him Word, that he ſhould leave ſomebody in his own Poſt, and go in Perſon to attempt his Reſcue. Upon this he deputes *Meiſarah Ebn Meſrouk*, with a Thouſand Horſe, in his Room, and taking a conſiderable Force, march'd with all Speed to relieve his Countrymen. When they ſaw him come up with his Recruit, they fell on the *Greeks* like Lions, and *Caled* charged among the thickeſt of them, where he ſaw moſt Colours flying, in hopes to find *Derar* there, but was diſappointed. At laſt there revolted a Party of them that came with *Werdan*'s Son from *Hems*, and begg'd of *Caled* Protection and Security for themſelves and their Families. *Caled* anſwer'd, *he would conſider that when he came to* Hems, *and not in this Place.*

Then he aſk'd them, if they knew what was become of *Derar?* They told him, that as ſoon as he was taken Priſoner, *Werdan* had ſent him under a Guard of an Hundred Horſe to *Hems*, deſigning him for a Preſent to *Heraclius* the Emperor. *Caled* was glad to hear that, and immediately diſpatch'd *Rafhi Ebn Omeirah*, with an Hundred Horſe, to retake *Derar*. They took the direct Road to *Hems*, and loſing no Time, ſoon overtook the Guard, fell upon them, routed them, and having recover'd *Derar*, haſted back to join *Caled*, who by this Time had entirely defeated the *Grecian* Army. They purſu'd them as far as *Wadi'l Hayat*, and brought off what Plunder, and Horſes, and Arms, they could, and ſo return'd to the Siege of *Damaſcus*, which now had but little hopes of holding out long.

However, the Emperor *Heraclius*, reſolving to do his utmoſt ſtill for the Preſervation of *Syria*, ſent to *Werdan* again, and gave him the Command of another Army of Seventy Thouſand Men at *Ajnadin*, charging him to go and give the *Saracens* Battel, and raiſe, if poſſible, the Siege of *Damaſcus*. When the News of this Preparation came to *Caled*, he went to *Abu Obeidah*, to conſult what was beſt to be done; who told him he knew, that moſt of their *Great Men of the Companions of the Apo-*

ſle of God, were abſent; and that it would be his beſt way to ſend for them as ſoon as he could, that having join'd their Forces, they might in a full Body give the Emperor's Army Battel. *Yezid Ebn Abi Sophyan*, was then in *Bulka*, a Territory upon the Confines of *Syria*; *Serjabil Ebn Haſanah* in *Paleſtine*; *Mead* in *Harran*; *Noman Ebno'l Mundir* at *Tadmor*; and *Amran Ebno'l Aās* in *Irak*. *Caled* ſent Letters to them all, to acquaint them of the Seventy Thouſand *Grecians* deſign'd againſt him, and to deſire them without Delay, to bring what Forces they could to his Aſſiſtance at *Ajnadin*. Having done this, he gave Orders for the whole Army to march with Bag and Baggage. He himſelf led the Van, and *Abu Obeidah* brought up the Rear.

The *Damaſcens* perceiving the Siege rais'd, and the Enemy upon their March, took Courage and ſallied out upon them, with an Army of Six Thouſand Horſe, and Ten Thouſand Foot; the Horſe under the Command of *Paul*; the Foot, of *Peter*. As ſoon as *Paul* came up, he fell upon *Abu Obeidah*, and kept him employ'd, whilſt *Peter* went to ſeize the Spoil; for all their Baggage and Wealth, with their Wives and Children, were in the Rear. *Peter* brought off a conſiderable Booty, and taking a Guard of Horſe and Foot, return'd towards *Damaſcus*, leaving his Brother *Paul* to incommode the Enemies March, with the reſt of the Army. *Paul* behav'd himſelf ſo well, that he beat *Abu Obeidah*, and put his Rear in Confuſion; who now wiſh'd at his Heart he had taken *Caled*'s Advice, when he would have perſuaded him to have march'd in the Front, and offer'd himſelf to bring up the Rear. The Women and Children made grievous Lamentation, and all Things went ill in that Quarter. To remedy this, *Said Ebn Sahabh*, being mounted on a fleet Horſe, rode with full Speed to the Front where *Caled* was, and gave him an Account how Matters went; and begg'd of him with all Expedition to Succour *Abu Obeidah*. *Well*, ſaid *Caled*, *God's Will be done: I would have been in the Rear at firſt, but he would not permit me; and now you ſee what is come on't.* Immediately he diſpatches *Raphi*, with Two Thouſand Horſe, to relieve the Rear, and after him *Ka's Ebn Hobeirah*, with Two Thouſand more; then *Abda'rrhaman* with

with Two Thouſand more; then *Derar Ebno'l Azwar*, with Two Thouſand more; the reſt of the Army he brought up himſelf. When *Raphi*, *Derar*, and *Abdo'rrahman* came up, the Face of Affairs was ſoon alter'd; and the Chriſtians who had the better of it before, were beaten down with their Colours and Standards every where. *Derar* purſued *Paul*, who durſt not encounter him; for he had ſeen his Behaviour at the Siege, and heard how he had fought againſt *Werdan*. *Derar* turn'd about to *Abu Obeidah*, and ſaid, *Did not I tell you, that this Devil would not ſtand me?* Still following him cloſe. *Paul* being thus hotly purſu'd, flung himſelf off his Horſe, and endeavour'd to get away on Foot. *Derar* alighted too, and had juſt overtaken him, and was going to ſplit his Head, when *Paul* cry'd out, *Spare me, ſpare me; for in ſaving me, you ſave your Wives and Children which we have taken.* *Derar* upon this forbore, and took him Priſoner. The Chriſtians were all routed: ſo that of thoſe Six Thouſand Horſe which came out of *Damaſcus*, there eſcaped only One Hundred, as they were afterwards inform'd, when the City was taken.

Among thoſe Captives which *Peter* had taken, it happen'd that *Caulah*, *Derar*'s Siſter, a Virago, and not Unconely, was one. *Derar* was extreamly concern'd for the Loſs of his Siſter, of which he acquainted *Caled*; who bid him not lay that to Heart: *For*, ſays he, *we have taken their General, and ſome other Priſoners of Note, which we ſhall exchange for our own; and without Queſtion we ſhall find them all at* Damaſcus. However, they reſolv'd to try if they could recover them, before they got thither. *Caled*, *Raphi*, *Meiſarah*, and *Derar*, went in Search of them, while *Abu Obeidah*, march'd on ſlowly with the Army. Among the Female Priſoners were ſome of the *Hamyarites*, (a Tribe ſo call'd amongſt the *Arabs*) ſuppos'd to be deſcended from the Ancient *Amalekites*. Theſe Women Ride and Fight, like the *Amazons* of Old. *Peter*, as we ſaid before, was on his way towards *Damaſcus* with his Booty, but made no great Haſte, being deſirous, if poſſible, to hear of his Brother *Paul*'s Succeſs, before he got Home. While they halted, they took an Account of the Women; and *Peter* claim'd

claim'd *Caulah* alone for his own Share. The reſt having choſen each Man his Captive in his Turn, they retired to their Tents to refreſh themſelves. In the mean Time the Female Captives gather'd together; to whom *Caulah* thus begun: *What d'ye think to do in the preſent Caſe? Will you ſuffer your ſelves to be abuſed by theſe* Barbarians, *and become Miſſes and Slaves to theſe Idolaters? Where's your Courage? For my Part, I'll ſooner die, than endure any of them ſhall touch me.* *Opheirah*, one of them, reply'd, that their Patience was not the Effect of Cowardice, but Neceſſity. *For*, ſays ſhe, *we are Defenceleſs; we have neither Sword, nor Spear, nor Bow, nor any other Arms. But cannot we*, ſaid *Caulah*, *take each of us a Tent-Pole, and ſtand upon our Guard? Who knows but that it may pleaſe God to give us the Victory, or deliver us ſome other Way? If not, we ſhall die, and be at Reſt, and preſerve the Honour of our Country.* *Opheirah* proteſted it was a gallant Propoſal, and all the reſt ſoon came into it, and provided themſelves with Staves, and *Caulah* commanded in Chief. *Come*, ſays ſhe, *ſtand round in a Circle, and cloſe enough, to leave no Space for any of them to break in upon us. Strike down their Spears with your Staves, and break their Swords, and their Sculls.* As ſhe ſpoke, ſhe ſtruck a Fellow that ſtood within her Reach, and knock'd him o'th' Head. Immediately there was a great Uproar, and the *Greeks* came running out of their Tents to ſee what was the Matter. When they ſaw the Women in a fighting Poſture, *Peter* call'd out to *Caulah*, *What's the Meaning of this, my Dear? The Meaning of it*, reply'd ſhe, *is, that we reſolve to preſerve our Honour, and beat out your Brains with theſe Staves. Come, why don't you make your Addreſſes to your Miſtreſs, for whom you have proteſted ſuch an Eſteem? Now's your Time to receive a Favour at her Hands worth your Acceptance.* *Peter* only laugh'd at her, and commanded his Men to ſeize them, but without any Violence, and to be particularly careful of his Miſtreſs. The Men endeavour'd it, but without Succeſs: For when any Horſe came near them, they ſtruck at his Legs, and if they brought down the Rider, he was ſure to riſe no more. When *Peter* perceiv'd they were in Earneſt, he grew very Angry, alighted from his Horſe, or-

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der'd his Men to do ſo too, and fall upon them with their Scymetars. The Women ſtood cloſe, and encouraged one another, ſaying, *Come, let us die honourably, rather than live ſcandalouſly.* *Peter* view'd his Miſtreſs with the utmoſt Tenderneſs, and, loth to part with her ſo, came near, and with the kindeſt Words, try'd to diſſuade her from her Enterprize. He told her of his great Riches, Dignities, fine Houſes, and the like, which ſhould be all at her Service; and conjur'd her not to be acceſſary to her own Death. All this was but talking to the Wind. *Thou Vile, Infidel Wretch*, ſaid ſhe, *why doſt not come a little nearer, that I may beat out thy Brains?* This enraged *Peter* ſo, that he commanded his Men to lay on without Mercy; telling them, how ſcandalouſly it would ſound in all *Syria*, and *Arabia*, if they ſhould ſuffer themſelves to be defeated by a Company of Female Captives.

The Women fought bravely, though in all Appearance for a deſperate Cauſe; when juſt at the laſt Extremity, *Caled*, and his Party before-mentioned, came in to their Relief. He ſaw the Combat at a Diſtance, and ſent *Raphi* before to enquire into the Meaning of it, who quickly brought him an Account of the whole Buſineſs. As ſoon as *Derar* heard the News, he ſet Spurs to his Horſe, being impatient to reſcue the Captives. *Softly*, Derar, *ſoftly*, ſaid *Caled*: *A Man that goes leiſurely about his Buſineſs, ſhall ſooner gain his Point, than he that goes to work raſhly.* *Derar* anſwer'd, *I han't Patience, I muſt go and help my Siſter.*

Caled preſently put his Men in Order, and commanded them, as ſoon as they came up, to ſurround their Enemies. When *Caulah* ſaw the *Saracens* appear, ſhe cry'd out to her Fellows, *See here, my Girls, what a ſeaſonable Deliverance God has ſent us.* But the *Greeks* were in a diſmal Conſternation about it, and look'd heavily upon one another. *Peter*, willing to provide for his own Safety, begun to make his Peace with the Women: *Ladies*, ſaid he, *I pity your Condition, for we have Siſters, and Mothers, and Wives of our own. Therefore I freely releaſe you for Chriſt's Sake; and when your People come up, pray let them know how kind I have*

been

been to you. Having said this, he turn'd towards the *Saracens*, and saw Two Horsemen briskly advancing before the rest. One of them (*Caled*) was compleatly arm'd; the other (*Derar*) naked, with a Lance in his Hand, upon a Horse without a Saddle. *Caulah*, seeing her Brother, call'd to him, *Come hither, Brother; though God is sufficient without thy Help.* Then *Peter* took his Leave of her thus; *Pray go to your Brother; I freely resign you up to him*; and turn'd his Horse to ride off. She call'd after him; *This Fickleness of yours is not the Fashion with us* Arabians. *Sometimes you are strangely fond of me, and nothing but Love, and presently you fall into the other Extream of Coldness and Indifference.* *Away, away*, says he, *I am not so fond of thee now, as I was before.* *Well*, says she, *I am fond of you, and must have you by all Means.* At these Words she ran up to him, having *Caled* and *Derar* at Hand to assist her. *Peter* looking at *Derar*, *Sir*, said he, *there's your Sister, take her with all my Heart; I make you a Present of her.* *I thank you, Sir*, reply'd *Derar*, *I accept of your kind Present, but can make you no Return for it, but the Point of this Spear, which pray be pleas'd to accept.* At the same Time *Caulah* struck his Horse's Legs, and brought him to the Ground. *Derar* immediately dispatch'd him, and put his Head upon his Lance. Then all the *Saracens* fell on, and fought till they had kill'd Three Thousand Men; the rest, who ran away, they pursued to the Gates of *Damascus*, and recover'd all the Spoil.

Caled now thought it high Time to return to *Abu Obeidah*, lest *Werdan* should come up with his Seventy Thousand Men, and engage him in his Absence. He march'd forthwith, and upon his Arrival gave them an Account of his successful Adventure, at which they shouted and rejoyced exceedingly. Then he call'd for *Paul* the *Damascene*, who had been taken Prisoner before, and put it to his Choice to turn *Mahometan*, or suffer as his Brother *Peter* had done before him; and as he said this, produced his Head. *Paul* wept at the Sight of it, and said, he did not desire to survive him; Upon which *Caled* order'd him to be beheaded.

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The great Men of the *Saracens* above-mentioned, whom *Caled* wrote to, to meet him with their Forces at *Ajnadin*, prepar'd for the Expedition, as ſoon as they had receiv'd his Letter: And, that which was remarkable, though they were in different Places, they all met at *Ajnadin* the very ſame Day, which was on a *Friday*, *July* 13. *Anno Dom.* 633. *Hegirah* XII. Which they all interpreted as a ſpecial Providence. When they came within Sight of the Emperor's Army, they admired it: Thoſe who had been in *Perſia*, and ſeen the vaſt Armies of *Coſroes*, confeſs'd they had never ſeen any Thing beyond this, either in reſpect of their Number, or Military Preparations. They ſat down that Night in Sight of each other, and early next Morning prepar'd for Battel. *Caled*, to animate his Men, rid through their Ranks, and told them, "That now they ſaw the greateſt Army of "*Greeks* they were ever like to ſee again; that if they "conquer'd now, all was their own, and nothing could "ſtand before them for the future. *Therefore*, ſaid he, *fight heartily for your Religion; and be ſure you don't turn your Backs, and ſo be damn'd for your Pains. But ſtand cloſe, and hear the Word of Command before you begin; and then ſee that you mind your Buſineſs, and have your Wits and your Hearts about you.* Nor was *Werdan* wanting on his Part to encourage his Men to do their utmoſt. *You know*, ſaid he to the Officers, *that the Emperor depends much upon you at this Juncture; and if you ſhould ſhrink now, and loſe the Field, it would be ſuch a Blow, as could never be recover'd. Theſe* Arabs *will enter upon your Poſſeſſions, kill your Men, and make Slaves of your Wives and Children. You ſee all's at Stake; therefore ply your Arms bravely, and call upon Chriſt, and remember we are Three to One againſt them.*

Caled, very apprehenſive of the Moment of this Battel, uſed all the Cautions and ſafe Methods he could think of. He aſk'd his Men, which of them would go and take a View of the Enemy, and bring him an Account of their Number and Order? *Derar*, who never was backward in any Soldierly Action, proffer'd his Service. *Well then*, ſays *Caled*, *thou ſhalt go, and God go along with thee! But I charge thee*, Derar, *that thou aſſault them not, nor ſtrike a Stroke without my Order, and ſo*

be acceſſary to thy own Deſtruction. Away he goes, and takes a curious View of the *Grecian* Army. *Werdan* had an Eye upon him, and imagining him to be a Scout, ſent a Party of Thirty Horſe to Seize him, and bring him to the Army. When they advanced, *Derar* fled, and they purſued him; till he had drawn them a good way from the Army, and then he faced about, and fought like a Lion. Firſt he puſh'd one through with his Lance, and then another, and terrify'd and beat them, till he had Unhors'd Seventeen of the Thirty. The reſt he had in Chace, till they came near the *Grecian* Camp, and then he left them and return'd to *Caled*; who receiv'd him with theſe Words; *Did not I charge you not to fight without my expreſs Order? I did not begin*, reply'd *Derar, but they came out to take me; and I was afraid God ſhould ſee me turn my Back. So I fought in good Earneſt, and I doubt not but God aſſiſted me; and if it had not been out of reſpect to your Order, I ſhould not have parted with them as I did. I perceive already they will fall before us.*

Then *Caled* drew up his Army in good Order. *Meâd Ebn Jabal*, and *Noman Ebno'lmokarren*, led the Right Wing: And *Sa'id Ebn Amer*, and *Serjabil Ebn Haſanah* the Left. *Yezid Ebn Abi Sophyan*, with Four Thouſand Horſe, guarded the Baggage, Women, and Children. *Caulah*, and *Opheirah*, and ſeveral other Women of the higheſt Rank, and chief Families of the *Arabian* Tribes, with a great many more of inferior Note, prepared themſelves for the Battel. To whom *Caled* made the following Harangue. *Noble and Gallant Females, aſſure your ſelves, that the Work you are undertaking, is very acceptable to God, and his Prophet, and all the* Muſlemans. *You will hereby purchaſe a laſting Memory, and the Gates of Paradiſe will be open to you. For my own Part, I repoſe the greateſt Confidence in you. If any Party of* Greeks *attack you, oppoſe them Couragiouſly. If you ſee any of your own Men turn their Backs, ſtop them, and aſk them if they run away from their Wives and Children. By this Means you will keep them to their Duty. Opheirah* anſwer'd him, they were all ready to Fight till they died.

The

The Two Armies looking formidably on each other, and covering all the Plains, there came a grave old Man from the Chriſtians to the *Saracens*, and enquired for their General. Being brought into *Caled*'s Preſence, after due Forms of Reſpect, he began to lay before him what great Hazards he would run by a Battel: Telling him he had invaded a Land, which had often been attempted, but with very bad Succeſs. That thoſe who had flatter'd themſelves with the Conqueſt of it, had found their Graves in that very Place, where they deſign'd to erect their Empire. That though they had lately obtain'd a Victory over the Chriſtians, yet they muſt not expect that the Advantage would long continue on their Side, the Emperor having rais'd another very numerous Army to oppoſe them. That however, their General had ſent him to acquaint him, that if they would depart without any Acts of Hoſtility, he would preſent every *Saracen* in the Army with a Suit of Cloaths, and a piece of Money, and the General himſelf with Ten Suits, and a Hundred Pieces: And to their Maſter *Abubeker* the *Caliph*, an Hundred Suits, and a Thouſand Pieces. To all this the *Saracen* peremptorily anſwer'd, *No Peace, but on Condition you either become Tributaries or* Mahometans; *otherwiſe the Sword muſt determine the Controverſy betwixt us. As for your great Army, we are promiſed the Victory by our Prophet* Mahomet, *in the Book which was ſent him from Heaven: And as for your Offer of Veſts, Turbants, and Money, we ſhall in a ſhort Time be Maſters of all your Cloaths and good Things, of what Kind ſoever.*

Propoſals of Accommodation being thus rejected, the *Armenian* Archers from the Chriſtians Side, began to kill and wound ſeveral of the *Saracens*; but *Caled* took no Notice of it, till *Derar*, impatient of Delay, ſaid, *What do we ſtand ſtill for? The Enemy will think we are afraid of them. Pray give us the Word, and let us attack them.* *Caled* aſſented, and he began the Battel; and in a little Time great Part of both Armies were engaged, and many fell on both Sides, but more Chriſtians than *Saracens*. For no Words that *Werdan* or his Officers could uſe, were ſufficient to encourage the Chriſtians to fight ſo deſperately as the *Saracens*, who regarded not

Life nor Limbs, being fully perſuaded, that whoever died fighting for the Propagation of their Religon, went directly to Paradiſe. Such a Spur is Enthuſiaſm to make Men contemn Dangers. At laſt the Chriſtian General reſolv'd, that the beſt Thing he could do, was to circumvent the *Saracen* by ſome Stratagem, which would extreamly diſcourage the reſt, and facilitate the Victory. This was attempted after this Manner: A Meſſenger was to be ſent to *Caled*, to deſire him to ſound a Retreat, and let the Battel ceaſe for that Day; and meet *Werdan* the next Morning, at a certain Place, within View of both Armies, where they Two alone might treat, in order to find out ſome Expedient for preventing the Effuſion of ſo much Blood, as muſt of Neceſſity be ſhed on both Sides, if the War continu'd. Now *Werdan*'s Contrivance was to place Ten of his Men in Ambuſcade, who, upon a Signal he ſhould give them, ſhould come and ſeize *Caled*, while he was talking with him. The Meſſage to *Caled* was deliver'd to one *David*, who was in the Secret. He went as he was directed, and when he came to the *Saracen*, he told him he had a Matter of great Moment to communicate to him; but firſt he crav'd his Protection for himſelf, and his whole Family. *Caled* readily granting it, he acquainted him with *Werdan*'s Plot and Deſign againſt him. *Well*, ſaid *Caled*, *Go and tell* Werdan, *I will meet him at the Time and Place he has appointed.* Juſt as he had diſmiſs'd the Meſſenger, *Abu Obeidah* came in, and obſerving an unuſual Gaiety in *Caled*'s Countenance, ask'd him, what News? *Caled* told him the whole Contrivance, and added, *I durſt venture to go alone, and bring all their Heads away with me.* *Abu Obeidah* anſwer'd, He was as likely to do ſuch a Thing, as any Man he knew; but ſince the Prophet had no where commanded them to expoſe themſelves to unneceſſary Dangers, he would have him take Ten Men to anſwer them. *Derar* thought it not the beſt way to defer it till the Morning, but was for going that Evening to ſurprize the Ambuſcade. Having obtain'd Leave, he went, after it was Dark, and diſcover'd their Hiding-Place, and came ſo near, that he heard them Swear, for they were all Drunk, and aſleep, and their Arms lay under their Heads. He had much ado to reſiſt the

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Temptation of falling upon them, and killing them himſelf; but conſidering that one might poſſibly awaken another, he came back to ſome Company he had left at a little Diſtance, and carried them to aſſiſt in the Execution; who took each of them his Man, and ſo diſpatch'd *Werdan*'s Ambuſcade with all imaginable Silence and Secrecy. Then they ſtripp'd them; and put on their Cloaths, for fear any *Greek* ſhould chance to come that Way, and diſcover them by their *Arabian* Dreſs; and ſo they lay down and conceal'd themſelves in the ſame Place.

Early next Morning, *Werdan* and *Caled* met near this Place, and fell to Diſcourſe. *Come*, ſays *Caled*, *Now let us hear what you have to ſay; but be ſure you deal fairly, and tell no Lies, for it ill becomes Men in eminent Stations to deal deceitfully, and uſe Tricks. What I deſire of you*, ſaid *Werdan*, *is this, that you would let us know what you would have, and come to ſome reaſonable Terms, that we may live in Peace: And whatever you ask in Reaſon, ſhall freely be granted. For we know you are a needy ſort of People, and inhabit a barren, hungry Soil; therefore if a reaſonable Matter will ſatisfy you, you ſhall have it. You pitiful Chriſtian Dog*, ſaid Caled, *we don't want your Charity. God has provided much better for us, than to live upon your Allowances. He has given us you and yours, except you'll become Tributaries or* Muſlemans; *there's no other Help for you. As for your offering us Peace, we for our Parts are more delighted in War; and for your eſteeming us ſuch a contemptible People, know that we reckon you no better than Dogs. You ſee I don't talk like a Man much inclin'd to Peace; and if the meaning of your calling me hither, was that you might have me alone, to try my Courage, we are far enough from both Armies, and I am ready for you.* At this, *Werdan* aroſe, but truſting to his Ambuſcade, made no Haſt to draw his Sword. *Caled* ſeiz'd him, and ſhook him, and turn'd him about every way. *Werdan* cry'd to the Ambuſcade, *Come out, come hither; this* Arab *has ſeiz'd me.* They came, and at firſt Sight he took them for his own Men; bnt when he obſerv'd *Derar* the foremoſt of them, with nothing on but a pair of Breeches, brandiſhing his Sword as he came, he was extreamly uneaſy, and ſaid

to

to *Caled*, *I beg of you, deliver me not into the Hands of that Devil; I hate the Sight of him; it was he that kill'd my Son.* *Caled* ſwore by God, that when he came up, he would kill him too. By this Time *Derar* was come up, and cry'd, *Now, thou curſed Wretch, what is become of thy Deceit, with which thou would'ſt have enſnared the Companions of the Apoſtle of God?* And was juſt going to kill him. *Hold*, ſaid *Caled*, *let him alone, till I give you the Word.* *Werdan*, ſeeing himſelf in theſe Circumſtances, fell on the Ground, and cry'd Quarter. But *Caled* anſwer'd; *No Quarter, where there is no Faith kept. You pretend to Peace, and at the ſame Time deſign'd to Murder me Treacherouſly.* Then *Derar* ſtruck off his Head, which they put upon the Point of *Caled*'s Lance, and march'd towards the Army. As ſoon as the Chriſtians ſaw them, they thought they had been their own Men, and that *Werdan* was bringing the *Saracen*'s Head. The *Saracens* thought ſo too, and were a while in a Conſternation. But when they ſaw them charge the Chriſtians, they did the ſame with all imaginable Fury, and kill'd that Day Fifty Thouſand of them. Thoſe that eſcaped fled to *Caſarea*, *Damaſcus*, and *Antioch*. The Spoil was ineſtimable, which *Caled* declared he would not diſtribute till *Damaſcus* was taken. Towards which he ſet forwards a few Days after.

While the *Saracens* were at *Ajnadin*, many Inhabitants of the Villages about *Damaſcus*, thinking to ſecure themſelves, got into the City. But the News that the Emperor's Army was cut to Pieces, ſtruck them almoſt dead with Fear. They now daily expected the return of their old Adverſaries; Engines were planted, and Banners d'ſplayed, and all Warlike Preparations were made for enduring another Siege. In a little Time they ſaw the formidable Army approaching, fluſh'd with Succeſs, and enrich'd with the Spoils of their Countrymen and Neighbours. *Amron Ebno'l Aâs*, led the Front, conſiſting of above Nine Thouſand Horſe. After him came *Abu Sophyan*, with Two Thouſand. Then *Serjabil Ebn Haſanah*, (who was one of *Mahomet*'s Secretaries, when he wrote the *Alcoran*.) After him *Omar Ebn Rebiyah*. *Caled* march'd in the Rear, and brought up the reſt of the Army under the Standard of the *Black-Eagle*.

Eagle. When they inveſted the City, *Abu Obeidah* ſat down before the Gate *Jabi'gah*; *Abu Sophyan*, was placed over againſt the *Little-Gate*; *Serjabil Ebn Haſanah*, at St. *Thomas*'s-*Gate*, with Two Thouſand Horſe; *Amrou Ebno'l Aás*, at *Paradiſe-Gate*; *Kaïs Ebn Hobeirah*, ſat down before the Gate *Kaiſan*. *Caled*, after he had given Orders to all the Officers, went himſelf, and ſat down before the *Eaſt* Gate. The *Damaſcenes* ſeeing themſelves now beſieged in good Earneſt, began to think of coming to Terms, and redeeming their Lives and Fortunes with a Tribute, rather than by ſtanding out, to expoſe themſelves to inevitable Deſtruction. The chief Men conſulted together, and many of them were inclin'd to Surrender. *Thomas*, the Emperor's Son-in-Law, liv'd then in *Damaſcus*, but as a private Man, not in any Commiſſion. For though the Emperor had offer'd him honourable Poſts, he declin'd them all; yet was he a Perſon of great Courage, and an excellent Soldier. Out of Reſpect to his Quality and Abilities, the Citizens would do nothing without conſulting him firſt. Which when they did upon their preſent Exigences and Deſigns, he ſeem'd to wonder *that theſe vile* Arabs, *Naked, Barefoot, and far from compleatly Arm'd, ſhould be able to put them in ſuch a Conſternation.* He told them, *the* Arabs *had no Courage, but what was owing to their Neceſſities; and that for Number, Arms, and all Military Proviſions, the* Damaſcenes *far exceeded them; and that therefore they had no reaſon to deſpair of the Victory.* The Citizens told him, with Submiſſion, he was under a great Miſtake: *For the late Victories of the* Arabs *had furniſh'd them very well with Arms. Beſides* (added they) *they all fight like Mad-Men; for they encounter us naked, or any way, though with never ſuch Diſadvantages: For they firmly believe, that every one of their own Men that is kill'd, paſſes immediately to Paradiſe, and every one of ours to Hell; and this is the Cauſe they fight ſo deſperately.* To this *Thomas* anſwer'd, *That it was plain from hence, they had no true Courage, who had Recourſe to ſuch Artifices to animate them to Fight. Well, Sir,* ſaid they, *if you'll be pleas'd to help us, and put us in a way to make a Defence, we are ready to wait on you: otherwiſe we muſt Surrender.*

Thomas

Thomas was afraid they were in Earneſt; and therefore, after a ſhort Pauſe, promis'd to go out with them next Morning.

All that Night they kept Watch, and ſupply'd the Abſence of the Sun with innumerable Lights placed in the Turrets. The *Saracens* encouraged one another to do their utmoſt againſt the Enemies of God, as they uſed to call all but themſelves. In the Morning both Sides prepar'd for the Fight, the *Saracens* to make a general Aſſault, and the Chriſtians to give them the Meeting. The latter were led on by *Thomas*, who encounter'd with the Enemy, and fought admirably well. He was an excellent Archer, and ſhot a great many of the *Saracens*. Among the reſt he wounded *Aban Ebn Said*, with a poiſon'd Arrow. *Aban* drew out the Arrow, and unfolding his Turbant, bound up the Wound. But he quickly felt the Effect of the Poiſon in his Body, and not being able to bear it, was carried into a Tent, where his Friends would by all Means unbind the Wound to Dreſs it; but he aſſur'd them, if they did, he ſhould die immediately. And ſo it prov'd; for as ſoon as they had open'd it, he fainted away, and in a few Hours expired.

When the *Saracens* were at *Ajnadin*, *Aban* had married a brave Virago, who could manage a Bow and Arrows very well. She bore his Death with wonderful Patience, ſaying on that Occaſion, *Happy art thou, my Dear, thou art gone to thy Lord, who firſt join'd us together, and now has parted us. I'll firſt endeavour to revenge thy Death, and then follow thee to the Place where thou now art, becauſe I love thee. Henceforth ſhall no Man ever touch me more, for I have Dedicated my ſelf to the Service of God.* Thus with a Courage above what could be expected from the Weakneſs of her Sex, ſhe took her Bow, and went into the Battel without *Caled*'s Knowledge. When ſhe came there, ſhe aſk'd whereabout it was that *Aban* was kill'd. They told her, over againſt St. *Thomas*'s Gate; and that *Thomas*, the Emperor's Son-in-Law, was the Man that did it. There ſhe took her Poſt, and with the firſt Arrow ſhot the Standard-bearer in the Hand. The Standard fell, and the *Saracens* ſeiz'd it, and carried it off. This Loſs

was

was a ſenſible Affliction to *Thomas*, who animated his Men to exert themſelves for the Recovery of it. When the *Saracens* who had it, ſaw how much it was aim'd at, they ſhifted it from one to another, till it came to *Serjabil*'s Hands. Hereupon a bloody Conflict enſued, and the *Damaſcenes* from the Walls ply'd their Engines ſo well, that the *Saracens* were obliged to retreat out of the reach of them. *Thomas* ſeeing the Standard in *Serjabil*'s Hand, preſs'd hard upon him to reſcue it: The other toſs'd it from him, and ſtood to his Arms. While they were engaged, and every one admired *Thomas*'s Valour, *Aban*'s Wife ask'd who it was? They told her, it was the Man that kill'd her Husband. As ſoon as ſhe heard that, ſhe aim'd an Arrow at him, which ſhot into his Eye, ſo that he was forced to retire into the City. The *Saracens* follow'd him cloſe, and kill'd Three Hundred in the Purſuit, and would have gone farther, but that the Engines prevented them.

Thomas had his Eye dreſs'd, but would by no Means be perſuaded to go to his Houſe, though the Citizens intreated him, and told him there was no Good to be done with theſe *Arabs*, but that the wiſeſt way would be to Capitulate. But his Courage, and Reſentment of his Loſs and Hurt, made him deaf to ſuch Propoſals. He conſider'd what a Blemiſh it would be to his Honour, and a leſſening of him in the Emperor's Eſteem, if he ſhould yield to the *Arabian* Arms. He continued therefore till Night about the Gate, meditating Revenge. When it was Dark, he call'd for the chief Men of the City, and ſpoke to them to this Effect: *Pray, Sirs, be not too forward to treat with this People, a Generation void of all good Manners, Religion, Faith and Honeſty. If they ſhould enter into Articles with you, they'll never obſerve them, but go on to waſte your Country, enſlave your Wives and Children, turn you out of your Houſes, and deprive you of all the Comforts of Life; which pray conſider how you can bear.* They all anſwer'd him, they were at his Diſpoſal, either to defend their Walls, or Sally out upon the Enemy. Then he order'd every Man to Arm with all poſſible Speed and Silence, that the Enemy might have no Notice of it. All the arm'd Men were drawn up at the ſeveral Gates, and upon a Signal given by one

Stroke upon a Bell, the Gates were all open'd at the ſame Inſtant; the Chriſtians ſallied out all together, and pour'd like a Torrent into the *Saracen*'s Camp, in hopes of finding them wounded and tired, and altogether unprovided to receive ſuch a vigorous Attack. The whole Camp was immediately alarm'd. *Caled*, leaving *Pheljan Ebn Zezard* in his own Poſt, rode about with Four Hundred Men, and the Tears lay upon his Cheeks for the Concern he had for his Dear *Saracens*, and particularly for *Serjabil* and *Abu Obeidah*, leſt *Thomas*, whoſe Valour he knew, ſhould have fallen upon them. And indeed his Fears were not altogether vain; for *Thomas* was actually engaged with the former. *Aban*'s Wife was among *Serjabil*'s Men, and did great Execution with her Bow and Arrows, till ſhe had ſpent them all but one, which ſhe reſerved to make Signs with, as ſhe ſaw Occaſion. But at laſt ſhe beſtow'd it upon the Throat of a Chriſtian, who was going to aſſault her; he dropp'd down Dead, and ſhe was taken Priſoner. As for *Serjabil*, *Thomas*'s Antagoniſt, after much Conteſt, he aim'd a deciſive Stroke at his Head, which the other receiv'd on his Buckler, and *Serjabil*'s Sword broke. Then *Thomas* thought he had him ſure; and doubtleſs he had either kill'd him, or taken him Priſoner, had not *Abdo'rrahman* and *Aban* (*Othman*'s Son, who was afterwards *Caliph*) brought in a Party of freſh Horſe that Moment, who reſcu'd both him and *Aban*'s Wife. *Thomas* finding the *Saracens* grow too many for him, thought fit to retreat into the City. *Abu Obeidah*, who, (you may remember) was poſted at the Gate *Abigah*, was at Prayers in his Tent, when the Chriſtians firſt ſallied out. Afterwards he haſted with a Party, and got between the Chriſtians and the City. So that they were ſurrounded and charged on both Sides, and not a Man of them eſcap'd. And tho' the Beſieged at the other Gates ſped ſomething better, yet they could boaſt of no great Advantage, loſing that Night ſeveral Thouſand Men.

The Citizens thus meeting with nothing but Defeats, and the Soldiers reduced to a Number inſufficient for their Defence, they renew'd their Importunities to *Thomas* to Surrender; telling him, that however he might act for his own Particular, they were reſolv'd

to

to get as good Terms as they could for themſelves. The Enemy continuing their Aſſaults, they applied to *Caled* for a Ceſſation, and Time to draw up Articles. But *Caled* deſign'd nothing but Slaughter and Plunder; ſo that they could obtain nothing of him. *Abu Obeidah* had a contrary Character, a well-meaning, merciful Man, always preferring a Surrender before Storming, and putting to the Sword. To his Centinels therefore they ſent an Interpreter in the Night, to deſire their Maſter's ſafe Conduct for ſome of the Inhabitants to come and treat with him. When *Abu Obeidah* was acquainted with this, he was very glad, and ſent *Abu Hobeirah* to aſſure them, they ſhould have free Liberty to go where they pleas'd. Upon this Security, about an Hundred of the chief Citizens and Clergy went to the *Saracens* Camp, and were conducted to *Abu Obeidah*'s Tent, who receiv'd them civilly, and bad them ſit down. They were glad to find him ſo courteous, and in propoſing their Articles of Surrender, deſir'd that their Churches might be ſecur'd to them. He granted them Seven Churches, and gave them a Writing, but not Sign'd by himſelf, or any Witneſſes, becauſe he was not *Generaliſſimo*. Then he went, attended with about an Hundred Men, to take Poſſeſſion. When he came to the Gates, he demanded Hoſtages; which being deliver'd, he enter'd into the City.

Caled was altogether ignorant of theſe Articles, and was giving a ſharp Aſſault while they were tranſacting. But at the ſame Time there came to him out of the City, one *Joſias* a Prieſt, who told him, that having long ſtudied Ancient Prophecies, and eſpecially the Book of *Daniel*, he was abundantly ſatisfied of the future Greatneſs of the *Saracen* Empire; and offer'd his Service to introduce him and his Army into the Town, provided he might have Security for himſelf and his Family. *Caled* gave him his Hand to ſecure him, and ſent with him an Hundred *Homerites*, (a Warlike Tribe of the *Arabs*) to make themſelves Maſters of the Gates, and open a way for his Army to march in. This was accordingly perform'd; and *Caled* ſoon after entring at the *Eaſt* Gate, put all to the Sword, and Rivers of Chriſtian Blood ran down the Streets of *Damaſcus*. Thus they went on mur-

dering all they found, till they came to St. *Mary's* Church, where they met with *Abu Obeidah*, and his Company. When *Caled* saw him and his Men, with the Prieſts and Monks before them, and not a drawn Sword amongſt all the *Saracens*, he wonder'd what was the Matter. *Abu Obeidah* perceiv'd he was diſſatisfied, and told him, *God has deliver'd the City into my Hands by way of Surrender, and ſav'd the Believers the Trouble of Fighting.* To which *Caled* in great Anger reply'd, that he had taken it by the Sword, and they ſhould have no Security. Then *Abu Obeidah* acquainted him with the Articles he had given them in Writing, which they had ready to ſhew. *How could you* (ſaid *Caled*) *Article with them, without acquainting me firſt? Did not you know that I am your General, and Maſter of your Counſels? I'll put every one of them to the Sword. I did not think* (ſaid *Abu Obeidah*) *that when I had made an Agreement, you would ever have contradicted me, or gone about to make it void. And indeed you muſt not, for I have given all theſe People my Protection, and that in the Name of God and his Prophet, and with the Approbation of all the Believers there preſent; and we don't uſe to be worſe than our Word.*

The poor Inhabitants were now in dangerous Circumſtances; the *Arabs* thirſted after Blood and Plunder, and began to kill and take Priſoners: Which *Abu Obeidah* ſeeing, rode among them, crying aloud, *I adjure you by the Apoſtle of God, that you touch none of them, till you ſee how* Caled *and I can adjuſt this Matter.* Having with much ado reſtrain'd them, the Generals and chief Officers went into a Church to debate how they ſhould Act. Several of them inclin'd to the merciful Side, alledging very rationally, *That there were a great many Cities ſtill to be taken; and if they ſhould hear that the* Saracens *had violated their Faith at* Damaſcus, *they would all ſtand out to the laſt Extremity.* *Caled* would needs have the plundering of that Part of the City which he enter'd, and have no Quarter given to *Thomas* and *Herbis*, nor any of their Soldiers: But *Abu Obeidah* inſiſted, that they were all included, and beg'd of him to make no more Words about it.

The

The *Saracen* Generals having ſettled this Point, told the *Damaſcenes* they were at their Liberty to go whither they pleaſed; but muſt underſtand, that when they were out of the Bounds of their Conqueſts, they had no Right, by Virtue of any Article, to any farther Protection from them. The Chriſtians deſir'd their Protection for the Space of Three Days, which way ſoever they went, and that none of the *Saracens* ſhould purſue them in that Time. *Caled* conſented; but told them withal, they ſhould carry nothing out of the City but neceſſary Proviſion: Which provok'd *Abu Obeidah* afreſh, who anſwer'd, that to uſe them ſo, would ſtill be a breach of Promiſe, he having engag'd to give them Leave to go out with Bag and Baggage. *Then*, ſaid *Caled*, *if they have that, they ſhall have no Arms.* But *Herbis* inſiſted, that it was not poſſible for them to Travel ſafely unarm'd. *Abu Obeidah* conſented that every Man ſhould have one ſort of Weapon. *He that has a Lance*, ſaid he, *ſhall have no Sword; and he that takes a Bow, ſhall have no Lance:* With which they were pretty well contented. Then they paid *Abu Obeidah* what they had ſtipulated, as a Ranſom for their Lives and Liberties; and ſome of them choſe to remain in their old Habitations, and pay Tribute; but the far greateſt Part went away.

Thomas and *Herbis* were the Captains of this unhappy Caravan; who now quitted their ſtately Palaces, pleaſant Gardens, and delicious Fare, to ſhift as they could, and expoſe themſelves to all the Difficulties and Hazards of a tedious Journey, without any regard to Age, Sex, or Degree. The tender and delicate Lady, that once ſcarce knew how to ſet her Foot upon the Ground, muſt now be forced to go through inhoſpitable Deſarts, and craggy Mountains, depriv'd not only of her Superfluities, but even of the very Neceſſaries of Life. Every one had only ſo much as they could carry. *Thomas* pitch'd his Tent on the outſide of the City, and order'd his Men to bring the beſt of their Things, as Plate, Jewels, Silk, and the like, to be pack'd up. Which having done, they made all poſſible Speed to get away. We ſhall leave them upon their March for a while, and relate a very remarkable Accident.

The

The Sanguinary and Insatiable *Caled*, to whom it was Death to see a Christian alive, saw these poor Wretches carrying away the small Remainder of their plentiful Fortunes, and presently resolv'd in his envious Mind, to take it all from them. To which Purpose, he order'd his Men to keep themselves and their Horses in a Readiness, that after the Three Days of their Protection were expir'd, they might pursue them. *For*, says he, *they have carried away all their Cloaths, Plate, and Jewels, and left nothing valuable behind them.* But before the Three Days were out, there arose a Dispute between *Caled*, and the Townsmen that remain'd, who should have a Magazine of Corn in the City. *Abu Obeidah*, who was more favourable to the Christians, than could be expected from a *Saracen*, took the Citizens Part. The Contest grew so high between the Generals, that they found it necessary to appeal to the *Caliph* about it. This Disturbance detain'd *Caled* from pursuing the poor *Damascenes*; for now there were Four Days and Four Nights since their Departure; and he made no Question but they would take the first Opportunity to secure themselves in some fortified Place out of the *Saracens* Conquests; so that he had quite laid aside the Thoughts of pursuing them, had it not been for a very unlucky Circumstance, which was thus.

During the Siege of *Damascus*, *Derar Ben Alazwar* was appointed, with Two Thousand Horse, to ride round the *Saracens* Camp, to prevent any Succours that might be sent from the Emperor. It happen'd one Night, as some of these Men were upon Duty, they heard a Horse Neigh which came out of the Gate *Kaisan*. They stood still, till he came up close to them, and then took the Rider Prisoner. Immediately there came another out of the same Gate, who call'd the former by his Name. The *Saracens* bid him answer so, that the other might come up, and they might take him too. But instead of that, he call'd out aloud in *Greek*, *The Bird is Taken*. The Person he spoke to, understood his Meaning, and return'd into the City. The *Saracens* could not tell what he said; only they knew they had lost another Prisoner by his Means; for which they thought to have kill'd him; but upon better Consideration, carried him to *Caled*, that he might dispose of him as he pleas'd. *Caled* ask'd him what

what he was? *I am*, said he *a Nobleman*; *and I married a young Lady, which I lov'd as my Life*; *and when I sent for her Home, her Parents return'd a slight Answer, that they had something else to do. Wherefore I took an Opportunity to speak with her, and we agreed to come out this Evening, and give a good Sum to the Guard for our Passage. I coming first, was made your Prisoner*; *and to prevent her coming to the same Fate, call'd out*, The Bird is Taken. *For which, I hope, you will see Reason to excuse me. Well*, said *Caled*, *and what have you to say to the* Mahometan *Religion? If you like that, when we take the City, you shall have your Wife: If not, you are a dead Man.* The poor Wretch being surpriz'd, and not having Constancy enough for Martyrdom, renounc'd his Christianity, and profess'd as they dictated to him. After this, he was entirely theirs, and us'd to fight among them. When the City was Surrender'd, he made strict Enquiry after his Spouse, and was inform'd, she had shut her self up in a Nunnery, resolving to spend the rest of her Days in the Contemplation of a better World, since in him she was bereav'd of all her Comfort in this. He goes to the Church where she was, expecting to be receiv'd with abundance of Joy; in which he was wholly disappointed. For when he had made himself known to her, and acquainted her with the Change of his Religion, she treated him with the utmost Aversion, scorning to own any Affection for a Man who had renounced his Christianity. Nor would the Remembrance of former Love, nor the Consideration of that unhappy Accident, which frighten'd him out of his Religion, move her to one kind Thought or Expression for him; but she persisted in her Resolution to bid Adieu to all the Enjoyments of this present Life, and never more to think of her Marriage. To this Purpose she put her self into the Train of her unfortunate Fellow Citizens, and went with them into voluntary Exile. *Jonas* (that was her Husband's Name) was extreamly afflicted at her Resolution. He begg'd of *Caled* to detain her by Force; who answer'd, *That was not in his Power, but she must have the same Liberty with the rest that had Surrender'd, to go whither she pleas'd.*

Here then is the main Spring of this Action. When *Jonas* understood *Caled*'s Intention to pursue the *Damas-*

cenes,

cenes, he beſought him moſt importunately to ſet about it: And when *Caled* told him at the Four Days End, they were too far gone to be overtaken, he never ceas'd ſpurring him forwards, telling him, *He knew all the Country, and how to purſue them the neareſt Way*; with every Thing elſe he could think of, to encourage the Undertaking. *Caled*, who was not backward of himſelf to go about any Thing which afforded the leaſt Proſpect of Succeſs, yielded to his Importunity. And ſo this Deſign, which had been otherwiſe quite dropp'd, was reviv'd again by the Inſtigation of a damn'd Apoſtate, who was reſolv'd to gratify a fruitleſs Paſſion, though it were by reducing into the Power of mercileſs and unrelenting *Saracens*, Thouſands of his innocent Countrymen, Women, and Children, who had already labour'd under all the Calamities of a conſuming War.

For this Expedition, *Caled* choſe out Four Thouſand of his beſt Horſe; which, as *Jonas* adviſed, were ſupplied with the Habits of Chriſtian *Arabs*, that they might paſs unſuſpected through the Enemies Country. At firſt ſetting out, it was eaſy to trace the poor Exiles, as well by their Footſteps, as by the Things they caſt away in their haſty Flight; but after ſome Time there appear'd no Tracks nor Signs by which they could gueſs which way they were gone. *What ſhall we do now?* ſays *Caled* to *Jonas*. *Oh*, reply'd he, *they are turn'd out of the great Road, for fear of being purſued. You are in a manner as ſure of them, as if you had them in your Hands.* So he led them out of the Road amongſt the Mountains, where the Way was ſo extreamly Rough, that it was ſcarce poſſible for them to Travel. The Horſes beat off their Shoes, and batter'd their Hoofs to Pieces. The Riders alighted, and walk'd in their Boots, which though ſtrong, and ſhod with Iron, like Horſes, had the Soals torn from the Upper Leathers. The *Saracens*, who had been uſed to a great many Hardſhips, began to be extreamly uneaſy, and wiſh'd themſelves again in the right Road. In ſhort, every Man was tired but the indefatigable Lover. *Caled* told him, *This is all your Doing*. At laſt they perceiv'd a great many Footſteps, whence they concluded that the Exiles were before them: And the Guide told *Caled*, he was ſure they could not be far off, becauſe the Dung of

their

their Horſes was not yet Dry. In a little Time he brought them to *Jobalah* and *Laodicea*; but they durſt not paſs through thoſe Towns, for fear of being diſcover'd, notwithſtanding their Dreſs of Chriſtian *Arabs*. Their next Rencounter was a Peaſant, of whom they enquir'd, and were told, that the Emperor, hearing of the March of the *Damaſcenes* towards *Antioch*, and apprehending that they might give ſuch an Account of their ſharp Siege, and the Exploits of the *Saracens*, as might diſcourage his People thereabouts, ſent an Expreſs to forbid them coming any nearer *Antioch*, and commanded them to go to *Conſtantinople*. In Truth, the poor *Damaſcenes* were not far before, having taken the Benefit of a pleaſant Meadow, where the Sun ſhone comfortably. Glad of this Opportunity, they ſat down to refreſh their weary Limbs after their tedious March, and ſpread out their wet Cloaths to Dry, for there had fallen much Rain the Night before. And many of them, quite tired and ſpent, lay down to Sleep. In this Condition the *Saracens* found them.

Caled having thus ſet his Prey, divided his Four Thouſand Men into Four Regiments. The firſt was commanded by *Derar Ebn Alazwar*; the Second by *Raphi Ebn Omeirah*; the Third by *Abdo'rrahman*, *Abubeker's* Son: *Caled* himſelf brought up the Fourth; having firſt charg'd the Officers, that they ſhould not make their Appearance all at once, but leave a little Diſtance between one another; which was a very proper way to ſtrike Terror into the *Damaſcenes*. After a little Pauſe, *Caled* began the Attack, more like a wild Beaſt than a Man, calling on his Men to kill the Enemies of God. The Chriſtians quickly knew who they were, but ſeeing a very ſmall Party of them at firſt, deſpiſed the Number, and prepar'd to Fight. *Thomas* and *Herbis* encourag'd their Men, and put them in as good Order as the Time would permit. *Thomas* engaged *Caled* with Five Thouſand Men, and after a ſharp Diſpute was kill'd, and his Men routed.

Raphi Ebn Omeirah drew up to that Quarter where the Women ſtood, who defended themſelves with Stones, and whatever they could lay their Hands on. Here he ſaw *Jonas*, who had found out his Lady, and was ſtruggling with her to carry her off; but ſhe made ſuch Reſiſtance,

as forced him to throw her violently to the Ground. Another young Lady ſtruck *Raphi*'s Horſe ſuch a Blow on the Forehead, as ſtunn'd him; whereupon he alighted, ran after her with his Sword, and aim'd a Stroke at her Neck, when ſhe cry'd *Quarter*. So he took her Priſoner, and diſcover'd her to be the Emperor's Daughter, and *Thomas* his Wife; a beautiful Woman, richly Dreſs'd in Silks and Jewels. When he had diſpos'd of this rich Priſoner, he came to *Jonas*, and found him bath'd in Tears, and his Lady weltring in her Blood. *Raphi* enquired what was the Matter? *Ah Sir*, ſaid *Jonas*, *my Miſery is unexpreſſible. I have been labouring to reconcile this Woman to me, whom I married, and lov'd above all Things in the World: But becauſe I have chang'd my Religion, ſhe remain'd deaf to my Intreaties, vowing ſhe would go to* Conſtantinople, *and there end her Days in a Nunnery. When I found I could not perſuade her, I attempted to force her to go along with me. So I threw her down, and took her Priſoner. She ſat quietly for a while, and before I was aware, drew out a Knife, Stabb'd her ſelf, and expir'd immediately.* *Raphi* hearing this Tragical Story, let fall ſome Tears, and ſaid, *God had not decreed you ſhould live with her, and therefore he has provided better for you.* *What's that?* Said *Jonas*. *I'll ſhew you*, anſwer'd *Raphi*, *a Captive of mine here, very Beautiful, and richly Dreſs'd, which I will preſent you, to recompenſe your Loſs*; and ſo freely put her into his Hands.

In a little Time, *Caled* coming from the Slaughter of *Herbis* and his Men, aſk'd *Jonas* what was become of his Wife? *Jonas* gave him the lamentable Account you have heard. Then he comforted him with aſſuring him, that if the Emperor did not redeem his Daughter, he ſhould have her. *Jonas* was very thankful; and put him in mind, that it was Time for them to think of returning, for that what they had done, would immediately be reported all over the Country, and they muſt expect the People would riſe and purſue them. For this Reaſon they ſet forward without Delay; and as they were upon their March, they obſerv'd a great Duſt behind them. Whereupon *Caled* diſpatch'd a Scout, to enquire what was the Matter. He quickly came back with the News, that ſeveral Colours with Croſſes in them, were advancing.

This

This put the *Saracens* for a while upon their Guard; but they ſoon perceiv'd that no Hoſtility was intended: For an aged grave Man came forth from among the Chriſtians, who being at his Requeſt conducted to the General, petition'd him, in the Emperor's Name, to releaſe the Princeſs, his Daughter. *Caled*, having adviſed with *Jonas* about it, conſented to ſend her Home; and ſaid to the old Man, *Tell your Maſter, there will never be any Peace between him and me, till I have got every Foot of his Dominions; and though I have now ſent him his Daughter, I hope to have him in her Stead e'er it be long.* When they were arriv'd at *Damaſcus*, and divided the Spoil, *Caled* gave *Jonas* a good Sum of Money to buy him another Wife: But *Jonas* anſwer'd him in a very Melancholy Tone, that he would never entertain any ſuch Thoughts in this World; but that his next Wife ſhould be one of thoſe Black-ey'd Women mention'd in the *Alcoran*. So he continu'd among the *Saracens*, and was ſerviceable to them; till at laſt, in the Battel of *Yermouth*, he was kill'd with a Shot in his Breaſt. Such was the end of this Apoſtate, after he had been the unhappy Occaſion of Maſſacring all the Remainder of his miſerable Fellow-Citizens.

FINIS.